S 7/150

A DIVINE DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

A Poor but Godly PERSON,

AND

A Covetous Wealthy GENTLEMAN.

SHEWING

The Happineſs of the *Poor Man*, contented in his Condition; and the Miſery of the *Rich Man*, never being ſatisfied with his Worldly Riches.

SHREWSBURY:

Printed by J. EDDOWES, 1773.

[Price one Penny.]

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A DIALOGUE, &c.

The INTRODUCTION.

THERE was a rich Man, who had Treasure [great,
Besides a very plentiful Estate;
To whom, (being a Wretch most covetous)
A poor pious Man discoursed thus.

POOR MAN.

O Sir, what is it you intend to do?
To heap up Treasure for you know not who;
You grind the Poor, you toil, you gripe, destroy,
You pinch for what you cannot long enjoy.

RICH MAN.

What, not enjoy my worldly Wealth, pray why?
Who can, or dare controul what I enjoy?
I therefore value not what you can say,
I will not cast my Comfort thus away.

I understand you'd have me give the Poor,
That which will ruin and destroy my Store;
I mean my Bags of Gold and Silver bright,
In which I ever plac'd my whole Delight.

POOR

POOR MAN.

How can you ſet your Heart on what you have?
You ſee how ſoon we drop into the Grave;
Therefore uſe Charity, and don't oppreſs
The Poor, the Widow and the Fatherleſs.

RICH MAN.

Muſt I be taught by you what I muſt do,
And give my Riches to I know not who?
Ceaſe your vain talk, and ſay no more to me,
I'll not relieve ſuch Cattle as they be.

POOR MAN.

Vile Man! how dare you act at ſuch a rate?
May not the Lord now blaſt all your Eſtate?
You know not how ſoon God may ſtop your Breath,
What good will your Gold do you after Death?

RICH MAN.

Death and the Grave you ſay you'd have me mind,
You may as well throw Stones againſt the Wind,
I'll ſcrape and care while I am here alive,
Have I not Children that may me ſurvive.

Thou'ſt have me loſe and give the Poor each Day,
And vainly ſquander what I have away;
No no, I ſhall not to theſe Terms agree,
Nor bring myſelf to woeful Poverty.

A DIALOGUE, &c.

The INTRODUCTION.

THERE was a rich Man, who had Treaſure [great,
Beſides a very plentiful Eſtate;
To whom, (being a Wretch moſt covetous)
A poor pious Man diſcourſed thus.

POOR MAN.

O Sir, what is it you intend to do?
To heap up Treaſure for you know not who;
You grind the Poor, you toil, you gripe, deſtroy,
You pinch for what you cannot long enjoy.

RICH MAN.

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POOR MAN.

Since it is ſo I will no longer ſtay,
It grieves my Heart, you'll caſt your Soul away,
Should my Creator and Redeemer be
So cruel and unmerciful to thee.

Thou might'ſt e'er now have felt Hell's cruel Flame,
Quite paſt all Hopes of calling on his Name:
Now adieu, for I muſt needs be gone,
What I here have ſaid, pray think upon.

The Rich Man's ſudden Death.

Now ſee the Judgment follow'd him alas!
When little thinking Death ſo near him was;
He well and healthy one Night went to Bed,
And was next Morn found miſerably dead.

The Poor Man's Viſion.

As I was ſleeping in my Bed one Night,
A fearful Viſion did me ſore affright;
Methought, I ſaw the Soul of this rich Man,
Who in a wretched State did by me ſtand.

Wailing with Sighs, the Soul aloud did cry,
Unto the Body in the Coffin by;
And thus the Soul to it did make her moan,
With grievous ſobs and many a bitter groan.

The Soul in Miſery ſpeaks thus.

O! ſinful Fleſh, which now ſo low doth lie,
Whom Yeſterday the World eſteem'd ſo high;

It

It was but Yeſterday the World was thine,
The Sun is ſet which Yeſterday did ſhine.

Where is thy Train which did attend on thee?
Where is thy Mirth; where is thy Jollity?
Where's thy fine Houſe, and all thy bags of Treaſure?
Thy Merchandize? thy Chariot for thy Pleaſure?

Gone is thy Train, thy Mirth to Mourning turn'd,
Thou in a Coffin in thy Shroud art urn'd,
For thy rich Cloaths thou haſt a winding Sheet,
Thy high roof'd Houſe now with thy Mouth doth meet.

You are and muſt for ever be in Pain,
No Tongue can tell the Torments you ſuſtain,
In ſcorching Flames you muſt for ever dwell,
With Devils and the damned Souls in Hell.

It was thy Pride, Deceit and Luxury,
Has brought theſe Torments upon you and me,
Thou therefore that's within this Coffin laid,
Ariſe, and anſwer to theſe Words I've ſaid.

The Body's Anſwer.

I know thee well, my Soul which from me fled,
And left this Body ſenſeleſs, cold and dead;
Ceaſe thou to ſay the Fault all lies in me,
When I can prove the Blame lies moſt in thee.

Thou ſayeſt I have led thee oft aſtray,
And from well doing drawn thee quite away,
I was your Servant, form'd of Earth and Duſt,
Had you commanded, then obey'd I muſt.

It

POOR MAN.

Since it is ſo I will no longer ſtay,
It grieves my Heart, you'll caſt your Soul away,
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And left this Body ſenſeleſs, cold and dead;
Ceaſe thou to ſay the Fault all lies in me,
When I can prove the Blame lies moſt in thee.

Thou ſayeſt I have led thee oft aſtray,
And from well doing drawn thee quite away,
I was your Servant, form'd of Earth and Duſt,
Had you commanded, then obey'd I muſt.

It

It was your Power to reſtrain my will,
And not have left me done the Thing that's ill;
So that your Guilt, alas! exceedeth mine,
Oh! now the Worms torment me in my ſhrine.

To which the Soul replies.

[illegible] wretched Fleſh, who in the Time of Life
[illegible], vain, and idle, full of Strife,
Did ſtrive to love of pleaſure, foul and ill,
Oft me reſiſt, and wouldeſt have thy will.

When I wou'd thee, O Body, have controul'd,
Strait the World's Vanities did me with-hold;
Nay, flattering Fancy did thy Mind ſo pleaſe,
Thou never thought'ſt of Death 'till it did ſeize;
This was thy Fault, and curſed was our Fate,
Which we repent, but now, alas! too late.

The Body's Anſwer.

[illegible] I'm ſcourged with my Rod,
[illegible] guilty in the face of God;
Haſt thou been yet among the Flames of Hell?
Is my Hopes left that we with Chriſt may dwell?

To which the Soul replies.

Falſe Fleſh, remember *Dives* was deny'd,
When for one drop of Water he ſo cry'd,
Your Queſtion, ſenſeleſs Body, wanteth Reaſon,
[illegible] now is hopeleſs, out of Seaſon.

Vile

...e Body, go and rot in Bed of Clay,
...il the great and general Judgment Day;
... thou must then to be with me condemn'd,
... Hell's hot Lake for ever without End.

... now adieu, I can no longer ſtay,
...o Pains and Darkneſs I muſt hence away,
The loſs of heav'nly Joys tormenteth me;
...ore than all Torments which in Hell can be.

To the Soul in Hell, the Devil ...

...! are you come, whom we expected long,
...ow we will make you ſing another ...
...owling and yelling will be all your ...
...w melted Lead is pour'd down your ...
...n thouſand Torments now there ...
...d then in flaming Sulphur ſhall be ...

The Poor Man's Obſervation.

...t this the groaning Soul it wept moſt ſore,
...nd all the Fiends with Joy did laugh and roar,
...hoſe Devils ſeem'd as black as Pitch or Night,
...hoſe horrid Shapes did alſo me affright.

...p ſteeled Forks each in their Hands did bear,
...ed with Teeth, crook'd as Mattocks are;
...re and Brimſtone then they breathed out,
And from their Noſtrils Snakes crawl'...
Foul ...

It was your Power to reſtrain my will,
And not have left me done the Thing that's ill;
So that your Guilt, alas! exceedeth mine,
Oh! now the Worms torment me in my ſhrine.

To which the Soul replies.

Moſt wretched Fleſh, who in the Time of Life
Waſt foolish, vain, and idle, full of Strife,
Did'ſt thro' a love of pleaſure, foul and ill,
Oft me reſiſt, and wouldeſt have thy will.

When I wou'd thee, O Body, have controul'd,
Strait the World's Vanities did me with-hold;
Nay, flattering Fancy did thy Mind ſo pleaſe,
Thou never thought'ſt of Death 'till it did ſeize;
This was thy Fault, and curſed was our Fate,
Which we repent, but now, alas! too late.

The Body's Anſwer.

O ſay no more, I'm ſcourged with my Rod,
We both ſtand guilty in the face of God;
Haſt thou been yet among the Flames of Hell?
Is no Hopes left that we with Chriſt may dwell?

To which the Soul replies.

Falſe Fleſh, remember *Dives* was deny'd,
When for one drop of Water he ſo cry'd,
Your Queſtion, ſenſeleſs Body, wanteth Reaſon,
Redemption now is hopeleſs, out of Seaſon.

...le Body, go and rot in Bed of Clay,
...ail the great and general Judgment Day;
...e thou muſt then to be with me condemn'd,
...o Hell's hot Lake for ever without End.

...o now adieu, I can no longer ſtay,
...o Pains and Darkneſs I muſt hence away.
...he loſs of heav'nly Joys tormenteth me,
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To the Soul in Hell, the Devil ſpeaks.

...! are you come, whom we expected long,
...ow we will make you ſing another Song;
...owling and yelling will be all your Note,
...w melted Lead is pour'd down your Throat,
...en thouſand Torments now thou ſhalt abide,
...d then in flaming Sulphur ſhalt be fry'd.

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...hoſe Devils ſeem'd as black as Pitch or Night,
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...ed with Teeth, crook'd as Mattocks are;
...ire and Brimſtone then they breathed out,
And from their Noſtrils Snakes crawl'd
Foul ſlimy

Then straight me thought appeared in my Sight,
A beauteous young Man cloathed all in white;
His Face did shine most glorious to behold,
Wings like a Rainbow, and his Hair like Gold.

With a sweet Voice, all hail, all hail, said he,
Arise, and write what here thou now doſt ſee,
Which [illegible] ſeemed then to play,
And [illegible] quite away.

[illegible] frail, I took my Pen in Hand,
[illegible] whatever he did me command,
[illegible] the World it's ſent,
[illegible] Man in Time repent.

[illegible] to run this mortal Race,
[illegible] have a resting Place;
[illegible] we thee pray,
[illegible] all true Chriſtians ſay.

FINIS.

Then ſtraight methought appeared in my Sight,
A beauteous young Man cloathed all in white;
His Face did ſhine moſt glorious to behold,
Wings like a Rainbow, and his Hair like Gold

With a ſweet Voice, all hail, all hail, ſaid he,
Ariſe, and write what here thou now doſt ſee,
Moſt heav'nly Muſick ſeemed then to play,
And in a Cloud he vaniſh'd quite away.

Awaking ſtrait, I took my Pen in Hand,
And wrote whatever he did me command,
And ſo abroad into the World it's ſent,
Let every Chriſtian Man in Time repent.

God grant we may ſo run this mortal Race,
That we in Heav'n may have a reſting Place,
Preſerve our Souls and Bodies we thee pray,
Amen, with me let all true Chriſtians ſay.

FINIS.